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THE AMERICAN.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1888.

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE sudden death of General Sheridan, on Sunday night, is the event which makes this week notable, so far. His illness, it had been plainly seen, was one from which he could but in part recover, but the hopes of his prolonged life had been encouraged by his apparent improvement at the sea-shore. In his death the nation loses one of her most straightforward and uncompromising defenders,—a man of the Hancock type, but with even more military ability. With Grant and Sherman, he formed the great trio of Union generals. The one still left us, (and may it be for long!) summed up the qualities of the three somewhat on this wise: "I could devise twenty plans for a campaign; Sheridan could fight them all to the end; but only Grant could decide which of the twenty it was best to adopt."

The place General Sheridan's death leaves vacant cannot be filled by a general of the same real standing, and therefore there will be no need for Congress to take action to give his successor the high rank of Lieutenant-General. Gen. Schofield takes command and oversight of our little army of twenty thousand or thereabout, by direction of the President and by right of seniority among the major generals. But the three who have filled that place of honor and responsibility since the war can have no successors.

THE return of Mr. Blaine has been made the occasion of a great demonstration by his followers and friends, the full details of which are reported too late in the week for due consideration in this paragraph. The affair has deeply agitated the Democratic newspapers,—who are always keenly sensitive where Mr. Blaine is concerned. Among other things, they profess to find implied in it a slight to Mr. Harrison, and if there is any medal now offered for campaign ideas that are particularly silly, it will be of course awarded them. The movement was a spontaneous expression, mainly of personal regard for Mr. Blaine, whose popularity was not of such a sort as to be extinguished when the Chicago convention nominated another, and which in fact was deepened and strengthened with many by his course in declining to be a candidate. And beyond this, the demonstration was an expression of party enthusiasm and earnestness. In the acclaim to the returning leader is signified a sympathy for his positive and aggressive patriotism, his rejection of trans-oceanic influence, and his demand for an independent America. General Harrison joins in congratulating him on his safe return, as well he may, since Mr. Blaine will be a vigorous and helpful factor in this tremendous contest. His presence is perhaps not necessary to Republican success, but it will be more certain with him giving his labor in its behalf. And we presume that is what worries the Democratic journals.

At this writing the Senate's Tariff bill is still on the stocks, and it cannot be reported much before the end of the week. While there is no difference of opinion as to the advisability of preparing a revenue bill, there is some doubt as to whether it should also be a bill for a general revision of the Tariff. There is much to be said on both sides. Of course, a general revision bill would be the most effective answer to the charge that the Republicans mean to stand by the Tariff as it is, without any adaptation of its duties to the changed needs of the Government in the matter of revenue, or of business. But on the other hand, it is to be remembered that it is not the Tariff but the Surplus which is the urgent matter at present. A Surplus Reduction bill which shall not affect the provisions of the Tariff so as in any way to weaken its protective character is the first necessity. With that in hand

the Republican party can go to the country with the promise to make a thorough revision when it has control of both houses of Congress. Where there is a clear case for adopting any of the changes proposed in the Mills bill, or for taking up any of the amendments rejected by the House at the dictation of the Democratic caucus, or for making any other change, it should be done. But unless the Senate is ready for an all-year session, it hardly can comply with what the Republicans in 1888 and more recently declared to be necessary to a proper revision, viz.: a thorough hearing of every one affected by the changes proposed. And the time wasted by the Democrats of the House in the preparation of their measure fairly discharges the Senate from undertaking that at the present time.

The present danger, as we said last week, is that some kind of a compromise measure will be devised, under the delusion that an outcry for Free Trade is best met by a policy of conciliation. The atmosphere of politics is one of compromise, and Congressmen very easily fall into that way of thinking. The battle over slavery was prolonged and made more harmful in the long run by this spirit of false moderation, which hunts after some middle ground between right and wrong. Little else than harm can come of indulging it now.

THAT the Fisheries Treaty cannot obtain the two-thirds vote needed for its ratification, that indeed a majority of the Senate is opposed to it, is so plainly true that its friends are looking around for something to change the situation in its favor. The last lift they have given it was by the report that if the Senate should reject it, the President would at once enforce the non-intercourse law against Canada. By this they hope to frighten enough Western Senators into deserting their own party and joining the South in a vote for ratification. There is very little likelihood that Mr. Cleveland will adopt that course under any circumstances. As he has been given entire liberty of choice in the matter, the responsibility of enforcing the law would fall entirely upon him. In his letter to Mr. Steele, of April 7, 1887, he gives his reasons for not entertaining any such proposal as that which his correspondent made to him for the law's enforcement. The only object to be secured by enforcing it is the admission of our fishermen to commercial rights in Canadian ports. But Mr. Bayard, like Senator Morgan, after strenuously asserting their claim to that, has admitted by this Treaty that the British and Canadian claim is a valid one, and that our fishermen have no more right than is conceded them in the Treaty of 1818. After taking that step, it would be preposterous for the Administration to proceed to shut out Canada from intercourse with us in order to force her to grant what it holds we have no right to ask. It is true that the Senate still takes the ground Mr. Bayard and Mr. Morgan did two years ago; but this does not deprive the President of the right to act on his own judgment when the law gives him absolute discretion. It certainly would be an awkward situation when Mr. Bayard announced to his friends in Downing street that the American government, after admitting their right to shut out our fishermen from Canadian ports, had decided to have no farther intercourse with Canada by either sea or land until that right was abandoned.

As to the extreme character of the non-intercourse law, which Mr. Cleveland is said to be ready to enforce, the Senate and especially the Republican majority have very little responsibility. The bill as it passed the Senate provided simply for the exclusion of Canadian vessels from our ports and the non-importation of Canadian fish until our fishermen were conceded commercial rights in Canadian ports. It was Mr. Cleveland's political

friends in the House who changed this by making it a measure for the cessation of intercourse by sea and land. If the President should take the step of making an absolute cessation of commerce with Canada, the undivided responsibility for any inconvenience to the Western people would rest upon the Democratic party.

A GOOD part of the House's time has been taken up with the Army Appropriation bill, the Senate having amended it to make ampler provision for the defense of the country than the House had proposed. Practically it became a fight between the Military and the Appropriations Committees of the House, the former sustaining the Senate's amendments and the latter opposing them on the ground that its own rights had been invaded and that the appropriations proposed are larger than are warranted by the degree of our readiness to act. The Senate proposes to spend \$7,500,000 for a gun-foundry at Watervliet, and \$5,000,000 for the purchase of steel to convert into guns of large calibre. The rival proposition is to spend one-tenth as much on the gun-foundry, and \$1,500,000 on buying steel, and to create a board to make experiments with a view to obtaining improvements upon any guns known to the ordnance of modern nations. It was maintained very properly that we could not afford to wait. It takes at least two years to finish a gun of large calibre for use, and the success obtained at Pittsburgh in casting both guns and shells of steel—the latter after the failure of the foundries of Europe in that matter—show that we are already in a position to begin operations. We are hastening to the completion of a number of armed cruisers; but there will not be a gun ready to mount on them, unless we buy them of Krupp or some other foreign maker. As Mr. Reed said, whether or not it is possible for us to make better guns than they do in Europe, our first need is to make sure of getting guns as good as theirs.

THE Indian Commissioners have been prolonging the conference with the Sioux, in the hope that some way would be found of bringing them to agree to the break-up of their big reservation. But there is now no likelihood of that result. Even though a party may be detached from the body of the tribe, it will not be possible to secure the three-fourths vote the law requires. And with this decision we must abide, however desirable it may be to bring the Indians to another mind. Loyal adherence to our pledged word as a nation is of more importance in view of its effect upon our relations with the Indians, than is even the opening of the Reservation. Macaulay makes it his boast that while the Hindoos themselves have very little regard for truth, and never regarded it as necessary in political relations, the British have brought them to the understanding that what they promise will be done, whether it suit the authorities or not. Can we say as much of our dealings with these wild tribes? Has our word been always binding? Have we kept it even when we "swore to our hurt," as the Hebrew poet says? It is because we have not been found trustworthy in our dealings with the red men, that they come to this conference full of suspicions, declare they have been cheated in the survey of their lands, and receive in solemn silence the question: "Do you think the Secretary of the Interior is lying to you, when he says it is all right for you to sign either one or the other of these papers?" They will sign neither that which says, "Yes," nor the one which says "No." They want to know who will compensate them for the loss of their crops, which will be injured by their constrained presence at the Conference.

SOME of the Administration newspapers are showing much anxiety to have Mr. Harrison take better care of himself, and to stop making speeches and shaking hands with delegations. They probably would be less anxious about the speeches if Mr. Harrison talked twaddle or had worked them up out of *Appleton's Encyclopedia*. As it is, the country has had the opportunity to observe that in no instance has the Republican candidate talked either nonsense or buncombe, although he has been called upon very often. And what is still more noticeable is that in no instance have the

visiting delegations of farmers, miners, commercial travellers and the like talked nonsense to him. They seem to be good solid people, these Indiana and Illinois men, who call to see their future President. Their notion of how a great campaign should be conducted is not exactly that we have in the East. The West and the South have retained more of the earlier method of seeing the candidate face to face, and having a hand-shake with him. If the Democrats had had the courage to take their candidate from the South, they would have seen Southern voters flock in hosts to his home to see and hear him at first hand. Mr. Harrison knows the people he has to deal with, and he is making the canvass in his own way, and that without the smallest loss of personal dignity on his part. He is not capable of such oratory as Mr. Cleveland favored the Harvard dinner with, nor could he talk so much and say so little as the President did at the Virginia University Commencement this Summer. But this defect we shall have to bear with.

WE had thought that the Democracy felt pretty sure of their Mugwump allies in Massachusetts, but the New York *Times* has a letter in its columns from Rev. William Everett, to which it prefixes the statement that "a month ago no urging could draw an opinion from Mr. Everett." This amazes us. Mr. Everett is one of the men in the ranks of the ex-Republicans whom no self-respecting Republican ever wishes to see anywhere else than in the society he chose in 1884. No other of Mr. Cleveland's admirers and defenders descended to so low a moral level as did Mr. Everett. Mr. Godkin (or whoever was the writer of that famous article) went so far as to plead that chastity is not a virtue necessary to the existence of society; Mr. Beecher commended the Democratic candidate by an argument and appeal even worse. Mr. Everett took the ground that personal purity had been a virtue to which our public men had little claim. To save his candidate he publicly aspersed the whole body of American statesmen—his own father being one—as a class of impure livers. It frightens us to hear that such a man has had any moments of doubtful silence. By all means let him stay where he is!

Even Mr. Everett has had the face to assert that Mr. Cleveland has kept the pledges on which he was elected. That is the ground on which the claims of a candidate to reelection are usually put. But nobody has the hardihood to claim that for Mr. Cleveland. His second candidacy itself is a breach of a pledge given unsought and with the utmost emphasis. In the great matter of Civil Service Reform, to which the question of reelection is auxiliary, Mr. Cleveland is no longer held up to our admiration by orators and letter-writers of Mr. Everett's kind. He admits that the Democrats, like their candidate, have thrown the reform over. He says their "platform confines itself to calling for a single and as I think a necessary reform." But Mr. Blaine is still a sufficient stalking-horse for Mr. Everett. The party which did not renominate him is still to be held responsible not only for all he is, but for all Mr. Everett chooses to fancy him, unless by some public act of repentance and humiliation it atones for the offence of having had him as a leader. Rebellion is to be pardoned, but not that! That Mr. Harrison is the candidate of the Republican party is a fact which Mr. Everett does not manage to fit anywhere into the disingenuities of his letter.

IN Connecticut, the pivotal State beyond all others, it is admitted that the tide is going against the Democrats. The Irish voters in the towns of the State are being splendidly organized by trusted leaders, Dr. William Carroll of our city taking a leading part. The workmen employed in the factories of the State are thinking out what Free Trade would mean to them, and they are leaving the party much more rapidly than the Mugwumps went out from the Republicans in 1884. The New Haven *Register* says: "We may as well be frank, and state the situation as it is. The chances to-day in Connecticut are against the Democrats. The issues upon which the election will turn are not so simple that they

can be understood in a moment. The plausibilities of Protection must be cleared away by logical argument." It charges upon the Democratic office-holders that they are inactive in order to save their places, which would be endangered by "pernicious activity." The explanation is farcical, unless the *Register* means that their inactivity will commend them to the mercies of the Republicans after the election. Mr. Cleveland never will harm a hair of their heads for excessive zeal; but it might be worth Mr. Harrison's while to issue a proclamation of amnesty to Democrats in office.

MR. GRIFFIN, of Kansas, who was at the head of the delegates from that State in the Chicago Convention, is the leader and organizer of the "Anti Saloon Republican" movement, and has established the headquarters of his Committee at No. 1, Broadway, New York City. In some literature which he has recently sent out Mr. Griffin discusses very forcibly two or three of those details which especially interest temperance men of the reasonable class. One of these is the action of the Convention in not putting an anti-saloon plank into the platform, but yet in unanimously adopting afterward the resolution of Mr. Boutelle. Mr. Griffin, in a letter to a reverend gentleman at Stanfordville, N. Y., answering five categorical questions, says in substance that the omission of the plank from the platform, in the Committee's report, was at once seen to be a mistake, and that many prominent men agreed to remedy it as was subsequently done. The Boutelle resolution was fully understood, and was heartily approved by the full Convention, only one delegate rising against it. Mr. Griffin says it gives offense to the "liquor men," because though so brief and simple, they know it represents a real and earnest feeling of antipathy to the saloon influence.

Mr. Griffin points out, in an effective argument and statement of the case to many correspondents, that the choice for President lies between Mr. Cleveland and Gen. Harrison. Unquestionably the liquor interests will gain by the former's election, and will be found, in the canvass, generally aiding it. Whoever, therefore, professing friendship for temperance, does not vote to prevent that result, votes his consent to it. Yet it is true that the Third Party people, not content with assuming this much of responsibility for Mr. Cleveland's success, if it should ensue, directly labor for it. Mr. Griffin's statement is that they "knowingly and intentionally work mainly among Republicans," in order that their influence may more directly depress General Harrison's strength and promote Mr. Cleveland's. From their own standpoint, they propose to do evil that good may come of it,—to discourage and defeat the Republicans, continue the Democratic administration in power, give four years more to the Whisky Ring, and weaken in the States the legislation to restrict the saloons, in the hope that after all this the six millions of Republican voters will cheerfully fall in behind the Third Party squad, and unanimously enact absolute Prohibition! This is a brilliant programme, —for light-headed people.

THE Third Party's partnership with the Democracy in opposing General Harrison logically compels it either to belittle the Tariff issue, or to boldly favor Free Trade. In an Ohio weekly paper before us the editorial paragraphs do both; at the West Virginia Prohibitionist Convention, the organizing officer said "the tariff issue is of no consequence," and asserted that "there is not much difference the two old parties." At the Prohibition Convention of Kansas, the resolutions were flat-footed against Protection. And at the Indianapolis (national) Convention, the platform demands "a tariff for revenue only,"—which means Free Trade pure and simple.

We cite these examples, in order to call the attention of serious and straightforward people to the fact that misery is the most fruitful parent of intemperance. He who votes now to depress the social condition of the American people votes to make them resort to drink. This is according to the experience of all time, in all countries. Those who live from hand to mouth give the

greatest share of their earnings to the drink-seller. We have but to "cheapen" our people, in order to hand them over to his clutches more securely and more entirely. It is for this reason that the Prohibitionist who regards Protection as "of no consequence," or, like those of Kansas, goes farther and joins in the movement to level American wages to the English and Belgian standard, is striving to bring upon the country a flood of wretchedness from which more intemperance would rise than any measure proposed by his party could cure in a lifetime of sincere effort. It is merely an evidence of the presence of a narrow-seeing, or prejudiced person, when an advocate of temperance declares that economic measures, affecting the general welfare of the people, have no pertinency to the subject he presents. They do; and they underlie the whole social question. Masses of wretched people are neither orderly, chaste, nor temperate: they are Anarchists, drinkers of intoxicants, and patrons of vice.

MR. HENRY GEORGE is going to be something of an embarrassment to his Democratic friends in this campaign. There is no possibility of disguising the fact that he is a Free Trader, and that he has given up the party which clung so loyally to his theories of Land Nationalization, in order to help the Democratic party in their downward progress to the Free Trade goal. His support of Mr. Cleveland is as ominous as is the enthusiasm with which England has hailed the President's renomination,—perhaps even more so. Mr. George utterly despises what is called Revenue Reform. He wants to see all indirect taxes abolished, and "the single tax" on land substituted. So we would have both Free Whisky and Free Trade, without any Custom House system whatever. And he rallies to Mr. Cleveland's support because he found in the President's message a better promise of some such revolution in our fiscal methods than in any other public document of our government since the War. So he is making a muster of his fellow-believers in "the single tax" to put the Free Trade question forward in the most radical way.

At a meeting held last Monday he declared that "Single Tax men want a platform on which they can stand for Grover Cleveland as a Free Trader." Thereupon a representative of a Single Tax organization on Long Island objected. Of its six hundred members, he said, nine-tenths were not Free Traders, and when that question was pressed some of them had gone over to Harrison and Morton. He wanted the term Free Trade kept in the background. The chairman of the meeting explained that this unfortunate result was due to the superior activity of the Protectionists, and to the fact that the Democrats "are trying to apologize for the Free Trade Mr. Cleveland has forced upon them." Just so. All along the line there is an apathy and want of confidence on the part of the Democrats which is ominous for Mr. Cleveland's chances. They offered heavy odds against Mr. Harrison when he was first nominated. They hardly will accept even bets now.

It is next to impossible for a Free Trader to talk about "Trusts" without falling into hopeless nonsense. Mr. Morrison L. Swift, in an article in the *Andover Review*, while he opposes Protection, shows that it is not responsible for "Trusts."

"Tariff reduction is the panacea upon which many persons hopefully rely. The *New York Herald* has argued this view of the case in the following manner: 'If there were no high protective duties Trusts would be impossible, because the moment manufacturers here combined to limit production and put up prices, that moment goods would rush in from abroad to supply the market. It is the high Tariff, therefore, which is the basis of Trusts. The Tariff shuts out foreign goods; thereupon manufacturing capitalists combine to limit production and raise prices at home; and in doing this they necessarily injure their own workmen, because they deprive them of full work, and injure the people at large by forcing them to pay artificially high prices for goods.' It is interesting to recall that this remedy was the reliance of the parliamentary committee on railroads, of which Sir Robert Peel was a member, which assumed that no further regulation than Free Trade would be needed. Injurious as high protective duties are, it is not clear that their removal would render Trusts impossible, for

already we are acquainted with international trusts, and as every day is making their formation easier the reduction of the Tariff would be but a temporary check upon them. Besides, Tariff reform would not prevent Trusts in those articles which cannot be imported at all, or only at great expense, or in which we have superiority in the production."

PROFESSOR PERRY has been talking to the New York Reform Club on the political situation, and he predicts that the Democratic party is to show this year "the vitality which enabled it to carry the election in 1884," and that "the Republican party will go into this campaign, but it is my humble opinion that they will never enter another." Prof. Perry forgot to remind his hearers that in *The Million*, (a Free Trade publication at Des Moines), for December 13, 1884, he predicted with equal confidence that the Republican party would never go into another presidential election. He declared it was already "dead as Cæsar!" This grand generalization of the prophet, which proved wrong last time but is to be a dead certainty this time, is based upon the inference he draws from the death of the Federalist and Whig parties after defeat in presidential elections. He is so well informed about our political history as to believe that the Federalists contested no elections after their defeat in 1800! The Federalist party went right straight along until the imputation of disloyalty caused its death. If that killed parties now, where would the Democratic party be? The Whigs died because they did not stand by the principle of Protection in the slavery contest. So their Lincolns and Searsons were logical enough to see that the policy for the benefit of the white workman involved a big corollary in favor of the black. Out of that conviction came the Republican party.

THERE is good reason to think that some of the London newspapers have been advised not to show so much anxiety for the passage of the Mills bill, nor to exult so loudly, just yet, over the prospect for a Free Trade revolution in "the States." Probably the New York *Evening Post's* assistant editor, who supplies correspondence to the London *Daily News*, and distinguishes himself by calumniating Republicans and Protectionists, has warned the latter journal of the injury it may do to Mr. Cleveland by its exuberant support of him. But caution, now, will be too late: the Americans have seen how England welcomed Mr. Cleveland's nomination as that of a friend to their interests, and the welcome, as we have heretofore said, was spontaneous and sincere. It was natural that as the English press saw in Mr. Cleveland the chief of a policy of opening American markets to their goods, they should heartily cheer his candidacy, and no afterthought can change the fitness and naturalness of the act.

GOVERNOR HILL has signed the bill to establish the Massachusetts system of convict labor in the prisons of New York, but has filed his objections to it as imperfect. He is informed that in four months the inmates of the State prisons can produce all the articles of clothing and the like which the State institutions will require for a year, and if the prisons go on producing, there will be a surplus which the law forbids to be sold. And he objects to requiring the inmates of the Soldiers' Home to wear prison-made clothing. This last objection is not a weighty one, as prison-made garments may be as well made and as well fitting as any others. But the first has weight. The remedy is to be found in extending the number of employments to include the raising of food for the convicts. In this way the prisons might be made self-supporting except the salaries of the officials, without interfering with the labor-market. Even the repairs needed to keep the buildings in proper condition might be effected by convicts.

THE more the business of Italian immigration is looked into the worse it is found to be. It is in evidence that much of it is promoted in order to relieve the charges for taking care of the poor and criminal classes at home. What does come voluntarily is often with the coolie's purpose of making a little money in

America to take back to Italy. Very many of these immigrants drift unavoidably into the pauper class in this country when they find themselves deceived as to the opportunities for the employment of their unskilled labor. In this way it is found that neither the immigrant nor the country gains anything by his coming.

Italy resents this inquiry into the matter, but she would have done better to render it needless. Her great statesman, Cavour, had the weakness to commit her to a policy of Free Trade to secure the moral support of England for the efforts to secure Italian unity. Up to almost the present time that policy has been maintained by the national government, with the result that a country not densely peopled and abounding in natural resources has been sinking steadily in the industrial scale, and the wretchedness of its people increasing. The tariff adopted last summer by the Italian Parliament gives the first promise of better things for the country.

GOVERNOR MOREHOUSE, of Missouri, did what was perfectly right in refusing a farther respite to the murderer Maxwell, even at the request of the British government. The last time we made a similar request of the British government, with a view to looking into the criminal's claim to American citizenship, as that would have affected the case, not the slightest attention was paid to it. "The law took its course." Maxwell is undoubtedly guilty of a cold-blooded murder of his benefactor, also an Englishman. His family made such efforts on his behalf as prevented his execution three months ago, instead of now. Governor Morehouse refused any further delay, and with the more propriety as the request from London for a second respite was not accompanied by any reasons for the favor. As the Governor puts it, it seemed to be no more than a petition signed by Lord Salisbury, like the hundreds of such that the murderer's family have laid before him.

THE Parnell Commission bill has passed the House of Commons without the adoption of any important amendment proposed by the opposition. The Tories throughout displayed the same unconciliatory spirit, and party feeling ran higher than at any time since the Coercion bill was under discussion. The newspapers out-of-doors were as ill-tempered as the members in debate. *The Times* described Mr. Gladstone's speech in support of one amendment as "a coarse and violent flood of blackguardism and foul-mouthed oratory." The House refused to take any notice of their breach of privilege of Parliament, although its own Speaker not long ago suspended a member for a month for criticising his official conduct in a letter to a London newspaper. The next general election in England will surpass anything in the annals of acrimonious dispute.

Mr. Patrick Egan, the former Secretary of the League, has telegraphed from Nebraska to the Under-Secretary for Ireland offering to come to Dublin to answer for any of the criminal charges brought against him by irresponsible persons in the debate. He makes no conditions except that the trial shall be in Dublin, and that he shall be as free to challenge jurors as are the Crown lawyers. He does not want a packed jury.

THE SENATE'S REVENUE BILL.

WITH full deference to the superior information and better judgment of the gentlemen who are framing the Senate's revenue bill, we yet are compelled to the belief that it will be a mistake to make it cover many details. Perhaps it is not to do so; but the length of time already consumed in its preparation, with the outgivings as to further labor upon it, indicate more than a short and simple measure.

Short and simple it surely ought to be. This for several good reasons, some of them logical, some tactical. The bill is to meet the demands made by the Surplus. It is the Surplus which compels attention and requires action. Whatever ought to be done as to the Tariff, whatever irregularities need correction, and faults need

repairing, this is a work which, in the nature of the case, can better be done hereafter, when by the election in November it shall be settled whether the next President and House of Representatives are to be for Protection or for Free Trade. The logic of the case now calls for a revenue measure simply, and thus, as indicated in the conferences of the Republican Senators, as well as in the Chicago platform, should deal with the Surplus by cutting off a few important sources of revenue, and not by entering, as Mr. Mills has done, upon an extended excursion through the Tariff rates.

Tactically, it will be an advantage, certainly, to confront the Democratic measure with one as sharply opposed as possible. As the House bill meets the Surplus issue dishonestly, the Senate bill should meet it honestly. As the one makes the Surplus a pretext for disturbing our industrial situation, and opening the way to a revolution of the country's conditions, the other should demonstrate, by its different character, that there is no need whatever even to consider so desperate a course. A concise and simple bill, dealing with few particulars, reducing the revenues with directness and certainty, will be the best contrast, and the plainest offset to the measure upon which Mr. Cleveland and his party choose to appeal to the country. In a judgment between the two, no one need be confused.

That there may not be some important particulars, few in number, amending and reforming the Tariff, which may be added without encumbering the measure, we do not undertake to say. But if they extend it to include a revision of rates of duties in many directions, it will no longer be one simple, plain, or easily understood—such a measure as the situation demands.

THE COMMON INTEREST OF AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.

THE policy of Protection is one of national union. It implies, as it demands, the guaranty to all industries, suited to the natural conditions of the country, of a protected field, first for their establishment and then for their maintenance. It follows that an assault upon any one of them is an assault upon the whole, and that its defenders can no more tolerate this at any one point than at any other.

To the perception of this fact, and to the unity of purpose and action which has followed, the Protective system is indebted for the vigilant and effective defense of it which has so far been made. It has been the plan of its enemies to assail it piece-meal, to attack it in detail, to make a breach at some point apparently weak, and then to sweep away the whole line. The nickel industry was attacked in this way, and the manufacture of quinine. In neither case was the attack justified: in neither case was the general interest of the American people served by it: on the contrary, the concessions made by Congress to the enemies of these industries have been at the cost of the country, which is served less well now than before. Following upon them has been the specious demand for "raw,"—or, as a recent writer terms it, "crude,"—materials. This, too, is an effort to break the line, in order that the breach may be used for a general assault. The materials that are called raw and crude are the results of labor. None of them come to the advanced stage of use except through the industry of those who procure them. Nature's supplies are offered us bountifully, but not without the investment of thought, skill, enterprise, money and labor. The ores in the bank, the limestone in the quarry, all demand these investments before they can be brought to the furnace mouth, and it is not to the interest of the country that the industry which is represented in their production shall be sacrificed.

Mr. Cleveland's vindictive assault upon the wool producers is such a step in the Free Trade campaign. The assigned reason for the attack is that the factories may have cheaper wool,—procured from abroad, or if produced here, then at a lower price. But no one will deny, on either side of this question, that this result, if accomplished, would be incomplete. Others must fol-

low. The wool of American sheep is more costly because the labor of the men who grow it has been better compensated. If, as Mr. Cleveland demands, we are to betray and abandon them, in the desire to secure a coat of lower cost, then we are as much bound to go on and betray and abandon the spinners, the weavers, the cutters, the sewers of the garment, for they, too, receive a better pay and so increase the nominal price. The attack of Mr. Cleveland upon the sheep-raiser and wool-grower is an attack upon the whole circle of working-people who handle the materials of the coat. The principle of protecting one class is the same as that protecting any other. As Mr. Sherman said, the wool is the finished product of the farmer, as the cloth is of the weaver, and the coat of the tailor, and Protection tolerates no such discrimination amongst them. Every legitimate and useful industry, capable under the native conditions of the country of becoming a success when protected, is equally entitled to be shielded from the deadly competition of the cheaper labor and lower social conditions of foreign countries.

In this solidarity of American interests lies the assurance of an emphatic condemnation of the present desperate undertaking of Mr. Cleveland. The whole country is interested in defeating an assault which endangers the entire fabric of the national industries. If there could be a free and intelligent canvass of the subject in the South, the working-people there, interested as are the workers of the North, would rebuke, for Georgia, for Alabama, for Tennessee, the betrayal of the policy which is as useful to them as to Pennsylvania, or New York, or Connecticut. In the States where a real election will be held the vote of censure will be overwhelming. There is no doubt,—no sane person entertains the shadow of a doubt,—as to the feeling of the people of the old free States: the contest becomes less certain only when the Solid South is thrown into the scale. To it, as in 1861, the ruling classes of England are looking eagerly for alliance and aid in a movement to make the United States once more a dependency of their country.

MR. LOWELL AS A POLITICIAN.¹

POETS have not been happy as politicians. The Dante of the "De Monarchia" and of the exile does not impress us with the same evidence of insight as he of the "Divina Commedia." Shakespeare's entanglement with the Essex faction is not the chapter of his life on which the judicious love to dwell, however much it might have helped him to write his greatest tragedies to have been himself concerned in a tragedy of actual life. Milton in his prose works exhibits, in conjunction with his splendid rhetoric, a want of practical insight into practical conditions, and an absoluteness in theorizing about governmental methods which rather weakens our respect for his intellect, even apart from the vulgarity of the abuse he heaps on his opponents. Goethe's absolute political quietism and scorn of patriotic enthusiasm through the periods of his country's humiliation and regeneration constitute an offence which only Germany would have forgiven. Wordsworth's unflinching devotion to the Tory machine in Westmoreland robs him of much of the honor due to his pamphlet on "The Convention of Cintra." Tennyson's enthusiastic admiration of Gov. Eyre and of the American Rebellion, and his open detestation of Home Rule, are spots on a very bright sun of deathless song. Coleridge is the only poet of the first rank who can be said to have contributed anything of permanent value to the literature of political science, and to have combined a lofty imagination with a genuine and helpful insight into political principles.

The greatest of our living poets, Lowell and Whittier, have been all their lives ardent politicians. In the great struggle with the barbaric forces of slavery, they were on the right side from the first, and Mr. Lowell carried into that fight a range and variety of poetic capacity without parallel in modern times. From the lofty philosophical passion of "The Present Crisis" to the broad humor of the Biglow Papers, his verse has ranged over the whole gamut of poetical expression, and he has thrown himself with such heartiness into the battle for human rights that the national integrity, as will make it impossible to tell that great chapter of our history without mention of his services. More than one young man was won to the right side of that great conflict through the insight into its ethical meaning which Mr. Lowell's poetry gave him.

¹ POLITICAL ESSAYS. By James Russell Lowell. Pp. vi. and 326. Boston and New York; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

It is well, therefore, that he has been persuaded to collect into a book these essays on the political situation before, during and after the war, which may be studied as an expansion and commentary upon many of his poems. Apart from this interest they have a literary merit which entitles them to preservation. Mr. Lowell can write nothing that is not a pleasure to the æsthetic faculty, even though it rouse the strongest dissent of the judgment. And these essays overflow with wit, epigram and eloquence which are the permanent possession of the American people.

The strongest side of Mr. Lowell's political writing, whether in prose or verse, is his openness to considerations of right and justice before all others. He is in the highest sense ethical, and the more so as he bases his ethical teaching on the final foundation,—the will of the Living God. The old Puritan conviction that nations like men are responsible to Him, and that his law of righteousness ceaselessly avenges itself upon evil doers, is always present to Mr. Lowell's mind, and is kept as constantly before his readers. He is quite untouched by the wave of sceptical tendency which has weakened this conviction in so many of the educated men of our age. A son of the manse, like so many of the great men of modern literature, he has carried into literature that lofty purity and that earnestness in the highest convictions which we should have expected to find in a child of Dr. Charles Lowell.

But it takes much more than ethical insight to make a politician, although that is the foundation of all right politics. The science of government is more complex than that of ethics, and he who would take a leading and helpful part in the direction of public affairs must have mastered a great many secondary problems, and have acquired a great many secondary capacities, which Moses did not learn on Mount Sinai. In literature there are poets like Blake who can do the great things but not the small,—who can fly but not walk. So in politics the greatest things are not all. There is a knowledge of human nature on its ordinary levels, a patience with the slowness of its movements, a sense of the difficulties encountered in fitting ideals into facts, which are practically as necessary as moral convictions. In the absence of these, the latter only can lead to a certain impractical absoluteism and ethical insistence, which are really in the way of getting the world's work done on the right lines. Mr. Lincoln, for instance, is a character in which these higher and lower elements are most happily combined. As Mr. J. K. Ludlow once said of him, he was a politician of the Baconian school, in contrast to the impatient haste of Mr. Fremont and those who agreed with him as to the wisdom of attacking slavery at the first moment it laid itself open to attack. And to go still deeper, there is needed in the true politician the apprehension of what we may call the physics of politics in distinction from its ethics. He has to recognize the lines of permanent crystallization in the social material, the laws of social gravitation, and the other elements which make his material much less plastic under his hands than it is in men's ideas. The nation itself is one of those permanent facts, which do not fit into much vague and (in its crude way) highly ethical thinking; and it is but one of many facts which remind us of Bishop Butler's principle that we are here in a world which we did not make, and which we are not to be allowed to make over again.

When we apply these tests to Mr. Lowell's work we do not find that these essays stand the trial as specimens of political writing of the highest kind. It is hardly fair to complain that they give no evidence of any express training for the study of political questions. The generation which grew up with Mr. Lowell was not much favored in that matter. It was taken for granted that politics was a business which everybody could understand without more trouble than to keep the run of the newspapers. If more were needed, it was to be got by dipping into De Tocqueville or Montesquieu, or better still into Burke, if you meant to practice law. The percentage of graduates of American colleges who could give a definition of a nation which would cover the facts, was probably very small. As Mr. Mulford has shown, there was a great deal of wasting good paper on a superficial political philosophy which had no permanent value. The best ground to take was the purely ethical, with all its risks, and the antislavery people generally found their standing there. Mr. Lowell along with them. But the insufficiency of this ground is shown in some of his early poems, as for instance the first of "The Biglow Papers" and that "On the Capture of Certain Fugitive Slaves near Washington," in which he shows his willingness to "throw out the baby with the bath" by sacrificing the nation itself to the anti-slavery cause. The war was the vindication of those who refused to listen to such arguments, and who asserted the value of the national Union as the most precious of our possessions.

As to the lack of sympathy with practical patience, Mr. Lowell's treatment of Lincoln is damatory evidence. In his Harvard Ode there is nothing too good to say of the great President. In

one of these essays there is a very feeling reference to the nation's loss in his death. But the living Lincoln was a thorn in Mr. Lowell's side. The "Last Views of Mr. Biglow" hardly would do for a collection of Eulogies. There is indeed, a sort of recantation in the essay in which Mr. Lowell pleads for his reflection in preference to Gen. McClellan. "Mr. Lincoln, in our judgment," he says, "has shown from the first the considerate wisdom of a practical statesman. If he has been sometimes slow in making up his mind, it has saved him the necessity of being hasty to change it when once made up, and he has waited till the gradual movement of the popular sentiment should help him to his conclusions and sustain him in them. To be moderate and unimpassioned in revolutionary times that kindle natures of a more flimsy texture to a blaze, may not be a romantic quality, but it is a rare one, and goes with those massive understandings on which a solid structure of achievement may be reared. Mr. Lincoln is a long-headed and long-purposed man, who knows when he is ready." Such words would have been worth much to Mr. Lincoln and to the national cause if they had been uttered two or three years earlier, when Mr. Lowell was complaining of

"... this hoisting, creak, creak, creak,
Your capen's heart up with a derrick."

Mr. Lowell's grasp of what we have called the physics of politics is measured by his assumption on the eve of the Rebellion that Secession was only "tall talk," and that Mr. Yancey stood alone in his determination not to submit to the will of the majority. It was shown equally in his overestimate of the effect of conferring the suffrage upon the Freedmen. He was sure that the black man with a ballot in his hand would be a power such as the Southern people in self defence would be obliged to educate and conciliate. It did not occur to him, or to many other good people at that time, that there was yet another alternative, and that was politically to suppress him. He asks: "Have we endured and prosecuted this war for the sake of bringing back our old enemies to legislate for us, stronger than ever, with all the resentments and none of the instruction of defeat?" That was written in 1865; and in 1888 we must say that it looks very like that. The enfranchisement of the negro has accomplished little more than to convert him into the full unit in the political census, to add so much to the political weight of his former owners, and to leave him at the mercy of those masters as regards his opportunity to earn a living, to get an education for his children, or to exercise any right of a freeman. We infer from Mr. Curtis's Gettysburg Address that he at last is awakened to the truth of all this, and that he sees this to be a living issue of to-day, and not, as we understand Mr. Lowell to stigmatise it (p. 316) an "attempt by a portion of the Republicans to utilize passions, which every true lover of his country should do his best to allay, by provoking into virulence again the happily quiescent animosities of our civil war." We do not understand this statement unless it be aimed at such speeches as Mr. Hoar and Mr. Sherman have made this session concerning the admitted suppression of the Freedmen's vote. It hardly can apply to the flags matter, for that was an uprising of not part of but all the Republican party, and of a good many Northern Democrats beside.

On the whole we must pronounce Mr. Lowell even in his best essays more inspiring than instructive. He feels right, with some limitations, but his judgments upon practical details are not of the strongest. Even in his early and best writing there are the shadowings of that weakness of judgment he has shown in his Boston after-dinner speech with its preposterous estimate of Mr. Cleveland, for whom he sought a parallel not in the last New Englander who filled a corner of the executive chair, but in the strong, patient, far-seeing, self-sinking, and pure-minded man whom the West sent us to stand by the helm throughout years of storm.

A MATTER OF FORM.

SO much has been written about what Dr. Bucke calls "Whitman's poetic vehicle," that one should hesitate a long time before venturing to add anything thereto. Were the value of his peculiar form of versification, as a permanent addition to literary art, unquestioned, it would perhaps be as well to remain silent; but as the admirers of Whitman are still greatly outnumbered by those who the poet himself says, "will not understand," it can do no harm to endeavor to throw a little more light on the subject.

In his pamphlet, "The Poet as a Craftsman," that ardent Whitmanite, Mr. W. S. Kennedy, makes a more or less convincing argument in favor of what may be called the "Undivided Thought" form of versification, adroitly winding up his essay with a tribute to Whitman as the inventor and sole manufacturer of that style of poetry. Now, while it cannot be denied that there is much sound reasoning in Mr. Kennedy's article, it is evident that he goes too far where he says that "the whole body of Eng-

lish poetry, with the exception of a few masterpieces, is composed upon a system as false to nature as it is to the higher harmonies of music." The trouble with Mr. Kennedy,—as with all others who insist that a poet must not allow the natural ending of a line of a fixed poetic form to unnaturally divide his thought, but must adopt a form which will admit of his continuing the line until the thought is completed,—is, that he persists in taking for granted a difficulty which exists only in his imagination, in order that he may appear to do away with it when the exigencies of his argument demand such action. Possibly, like the prime minister in "Prince Otto," he assumes that trumped up charges afford sufficient excuse for warfare against inoffensive neighbors, and that a vigorous campaign will silence internal dissension;—for it is hardly possible that Mr. Kennedy and his co-enthusiasts mean all that they have at times been led into saying. At any rate, there is nothing said about the "unnatural division" of thoughts in Mr. Kennedy's recent article in *Outing* on "Smoke" in poetry,—on the contrary he gives unstinted praise to several very striking examples of this so-called defective verse. It is the old story: the truth ever lies midway between the extremes of argument; and while the fair-minded reasoner would give the palm of perfection of poetic form neither to Browning,—who occasionally uses his art as an axe with which to ruthlessly dismember his thoughts, so as to more readily force them into his "poetic vehicle,"—nor to Whitman, who leaves them lying naked, and often repulsive, in his path, he would not fail to discover something admirable in each.

An excellent example of "divided thought" versification may be found in L. Frank Tooker's poem, "Sir Launcelot," in the June *Scribner*. It is very doubtful if the following verses therefrom would gain by any rearrangement, while the division of the thought—which assuredly comes under the head of "unnatural" division—is, to my mind, entirely lost in the sweet, grave music of the stanzas.

"Near Camelot the rivers meet
The lane where once he rode with her:
He rides and sees a dead wind stir
The pallid waters at his feet.

He hears the windless thickets stirred
By some wild creature. O'er the grass
He sees the hawk's gray shadow pass,
Yet knows it not for leaf or bird."

To say that a thought is unnaturally divided because more than a single line of poetry is used for its expression, is as manifestly absurd as to say that a cup of coffee is unnaturally divided when more than one draught is required to empty it. At the same time it is undeniably true that a really great thought loses by being cast into a too delicately intricate mould, but no one would be likely to find fault with "The Ancient Mariner," or "Hyperion," or the "Love Sonnets" of Mrs. Browning, because they lack the irregularity of the contents of "Leaves of Grass." And what are we to say when lines like the following, taken from Whitman's "Song of the Broad Axe," are given us to read as poetry?—"The Poetry of the Future!"

"The shapes arise!
Shapes of factories, arsenals, foundries, markets,
Shapes of the two-threaded tracks of railroads,
Shapes of the sleepers of bridges, vast frameworks, girders, arches,
Shapes of the fleets of barges, tows, lake and canal craft, river craft,
Ship-yards and dry-docks along the Eastern and Western seas, and in many a bay and by-place,
The live-oak kelsons, the pine planks, the spars, the hackmatack-roots for knees,
The ships themselves on their ways, the tiers of scaffolds, the woodmen busy outside and inside,
The tools lying around, the great augur and the little augur, the adze, bolt, line, square, gauge, and lead plane."

Yet this "Song" begins quite poetically as follows; and curiously enough the poet has gone out of his way to give the lines an irregular appearance,—the third and fourth lines containing what should have been printed in four lines:

"Weapon shapely, naked, wan,
Head from the mother's bowels drawn,
Wooded flesh and metal bone, limb only one and lip only one,
Gray-blue leaf by red-heat blown, helve produced from a little seed sown,
Resting the grass amid and upon,
To be lean'd and to lean on."

Still, for certain subjects,—rhapsodies such as "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking,"—"When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed," etc., the Whitmanesque form is excellent; and no lover of the beautiful will fail to receive pleasure from such lines as these selected from the first mentioned of the above fine poems:

"Yes, when the stars glisten'd,
All night long on the prong of a moss-scallop'd stake,
Down almost amid the slapping waves,
Sat the lone singer wonderful causing tears.

He called on his mate,
He poured forth the meanings which I of all men know.

Yes my brother I know,
The rest might not, but I have treasured every note,
For more than once dimly down to the beach gliding,
Silent, avoiding the moonbeams, blending myself with the shadow,
Recalling now the obscure shapes, the echoes, the sounds and sights after their sorts,
The white arms out in the breakers tirelessly tossing,
I, with bare feet, a child, the wind wafting my hair,
Listened long and long."

I often read this poem, beginning with the words—"Once, Paumanok,"—and seldom pass that line so full of heartfelt tenderness and human meaning—

"Nor ever returned again."

without a moistening of the eyes. Truly, the poet is here a

"Lone singer wonderful causing tears."

It seems to me—quitting for a moment the question of form—that in many of his poems Whitman errs in leaving nothing to his reader. Every detail of his subject is revealed with photographic accuracy and consequently there is none of that artistic taking of the strictly necessary and helpful, and leaving of the unnecessary and hurtful. The important portions suffer by being allowed no greater prominence than the unimportant, a pine shaving being given as much space as a cathedral,—and the result is a jumble of sound and sense often bewildering in the extreme.

As reading matter, the peculiar form of Whitman's poetry is probably a source of both gain and loss. Of gain, because his verses are at once recognizable as belonging to no other writer, and of loss—a loss which to my mind more than balances the gain—because, lacking that pleasant variety which poets usually give to their readers, their monotony soon becomes wearisome. Would it not be just as well for Mr. Kennedy and his brother Whitmanites to remember that, because a certain form of verse is as good as or better than the more familiar forms for the embodiment of certain poetic utterances, it does not necessarily follow that the older forms are thereby made worthless. Like all the other forms that have been invented since the earliest poet chanted the first hymn of warfare or of worship, the "undivided-thought" form will, in years to come, fall into its proper place, from which, if it shall have proven its right to recognition, it will from time to time emerge at the bidding of some strong, high spirit like that of its earliest exponent.

The following lines from "Whoever You are Holding Me now in Hand," are so much better than anything I could write concerning the matter of Whitman's poems, that with them I will conclude:

"But these leaves conning you con at peril,
For these leaves and me you will not understand,
They will elude you at first and still more afterward, I will certainly elude you,
Even while you should think you had unquestionably caught me, behold!
Already you see I have escaped you.

"For it is not for what I have put into it that I have written this book,
Nor is it by reading it you will acquire it.
Nor do those know me best who admire me and vauntingly praise me,
Nor will the candidates for my love (unless at most a very few) prove victorious,
Nor will my poems do good only, they will do just as much evil, perhaps more,
For all is useless without that which you may guess at many times and not hit, that which I hinted at,
Therefore release me and depart on your way."

CHARLES HENRY LUDERS.

WEEKLY NOTES.

THE accounts of the high railway speed attained (August 6) on the London and Northwestern Railway have led to some comparison of speed attained on American roads. The English express covered the distance from London to Edinburgh, 400 miles, in seven hours and twenty-five minutes, an average of a little over 53½ miles per hour, exclusive of stops. The claim that this is the best time on record is not supported by the facts. In July, 1885, a train went over the West Shore Railroad, from Buffalo to Weehawken, at the rate of 54 miles per hour, exclusive of stops. The distance was 420 miles, and the whole time seven hours and twenty-seven minutes. Part of the distance on this trip was made at the rate of 70 to 83 miles per hour. The most remarkable long distance run also belongs to America—that of

the Jarrett and Palmer party from New York to San Francisco in 1876. During the trip twenty locomotives were used, there were seventy-two stops, the distance was 3,313½ miles, the time eighty-four hours and seventeen minutes, and the average rate of speed forty miles per hour.

A LETTER from Mrs. Woodward Moore, of Madison, which will be found elsewhere, sets forth some details of the frightful fire calamity which visited a part of the timber districts of Sweden, two months ago. Mrs. Moore speaks by authority for the Scandinavian people, both from her residence near so many of them in our American Northwest, and from the fact that she is a descendant of one of the early Swedish families on the Delaware (Kock, Cox), inheriting thus the love of kindred and fidelity to home that characterize the Norse people. Her letter should aid in awakening a practical and prompt sympathy for the sufferers by the fire.

A DISTINCT growth of interest in the historical associations of Valley Forge has been noticeable since the celebration there, ten years ago, of the centenary of the Encampment. The women who have had in charge the collection of funds for the purchase and care of the ground, like those who did a similar service at Mount Vernon, are entitled to much of the honor for this growth, and after them the local historical organization of Montgomery county. The latter will have a meeting on the famous grounds, at the Headquarters House, on Thursday of next week, when, among other things, Mr. John S. Wise will make a brief address and read some revolutionary letters, relating to the part borne by Virginia at Valley Forge.

THEY have been celebrating the hundredth birthday of Col. George L. Perkins, at Norwich, Conn., this week. The old gentleman looks as if he were good for another hundred, is actively engaged in business, walks four miles to his office every day, and is as erect and strong as any man of sixty. When his family physician died a few years ago, he offered the vacant place to a young doctor, but with the remark that there was some risk in accepting it, as he had buried seven of his doctors already! He is full of reminiscences of the earlier years of the century, one of these being his ride on Robert Fulton's first steamboat on her trial trip. He was nineteen years younger than Napoleon, and born in the same year with Byron.

REVIEWS.

INTERNATIONAL EDUCATION SERIES, VOL. VII. THE SENSES AND THE WILL. Observations concerning the Mental Development of the Human Being in the First Years of Life. By W. Preyer, Professor of Physiology in Jena. Translated from the original German, by H. W. Brown, Teacher in the State Normal School at Worcester, Mass. PART I. OF THE MIND OF THE CHILD. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1888.

PROF. PREYER'S book is largely a careful record of observations and experiments made upon his own child from the moment of its birth through the first three years of its life. The child he thinks a fair representative of its class, being neither stupid nor precocious, but a healthy normal infant. The thoroughness with which the work has been done is evident throughout, and the patience of the experimenter is worthy of admiration. Some of the courses of experiments, conducted day after day and week after week, must have been monotonous in the extreme, and the care taken with them is the more praiseworthy as in some cases they lead after all to doubtful and unsatisfactory conclusions. Prof. Preyer has incorporated in his book observations by several of his friends upon their own children, and gives numerous references to the records of other workers in the same line, comparing their results with his own. On the whole the book is perhaps the best study of the mind of the infant yet printed, and will give many suggestions for later observers to follow out.

The senses of sight, hearing, touch, taste and smell, are studied in the order given. The experiments upon the color sense are peculiarly interesting, as clearly showing the progressive capacity for discrimination of colors. Prof. Preyer's child early learned to distinguish colors yellow and red, and had infinite difficulty in learning green and blue. In assigning a cause for this difficulty, and guessing at the probable sensations of the child in gazing upon what we call green or blue, we may refuse to follow the author, as he seems to have inadequate data for judgment. But the experiments are valuable, and it would be very interesting to have several such records to place side by side, the color sense being a highly variable one in different individuals, and single series of experiments apt to be affected by idiosyncrasy of

the subject. Prof. Preyer holds that immediately after birth light and darkness, at least, can be distinguished, but that before birth no sensation of light exists, even upon pressure upon the eye or pulling of the optic nerve or the retina. He shows that, though there is no sensation of smell in the newly born, the nostrils having been so lately filled with fluid, yet in the first hour of life, there is a reaction upon strong smelling substances. Contrary to the received opinion, he thinks he has observed within a few hours of birth evidence of sound-sensations. He combats also the opinion confidently expressed, that the newly born is incapable of discriminating tastes, holding that this is an error arising from the fact that the stimulus must be strong, or the child will not perceive it. The tactual sense he allows to the child before birth, but denies it any sense of warmth or cold, which latter statement will call to mind Locke's speculation upon this subject in his famous "Essay."

As the will of the child must be inferred from his motions, Prof. Preyer begins this part of his subject by a classification of the motions of the infant. He distinguishes them as impulsive, reflex, instinctive, and voluntary. But after all, the lines which mark these classes out from one another are very indistinct, and as treated by Prof. Preyer the divisions seem to overlap. We know as yet too little of what takes place in the nervous system to affirm with any confidence that in this case the motion was brought about by an external stimulus, and in that was automatic; that one smile was the result of normal digestion, and of no psychic significance at all, and that another was an expression of agreeable emotion, and the result of a message from the cortex of the cerebrum. Prof. Preyer's treatment of this whole subject, when he leaves the work of observation and description and passes over to inference, forces upon one the realization of the fact that psychology is in its mere beginnings; and that the physiological psychology especially, when it tries to be anything more than physiology, is the most highly doubtful and unsatisfactory of sciences. All of which does not of course detract from its importance, nor the desirability of making our knowledge more complete along this line.

The translation before us is very readable, and the books will be intelligible and interesting to most educated persons. It will be really useful to those who have the care of young children, not least in helping them to realize how little mind a very young child has, and how that little may best and most naturally be augmented.

G. S. F.

THE BANSHEE AND OTHER POEMS. By John Todhunter. Pp. x & 148. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

Since Prof. O'Curry published his "Lectures on the Manuscript Materials of Ancient Irish History," in 1861, there has been an Anglo-Irish renaissance in both prose and verse of a very significant sort, as it stands in close relation to the new awakening of the national spirit. Even poets like Sir Samuel Ferguson, the younger Aubrey de Vere, and William Allingham, and historians like Standish O'Grady, although they do not share in the aspirations of the people for the overthrow of English rule, have yet contributed to make Ireland more Irish and less contented with alien control. On the other hand, distinctly national poets like the younger McCarthy, Katherine Tynan, and the present author have given a voice to national feeling and hope more articulate than those others.

Mr. Todhunter devotes the greater part of his volume to those weird Irish legends which have attracted the attention of even Tennyson and other English poets by their sadness and their beauty. The banshee is a conception with which all who know anything of Irish superstitions are quite familiar. In Mr. Todhunter's treatment of it, however, the banshee becomes Ireland herself:

"Green in the wizard arms
Of the foam-bearded Atlantic
An isle of old enchantment,
A melancholy isle,
Enchanted and dreaming lies;
And there, by the Shannon's flowing,
In the moonlight, spectre-thin,
The spectre Erin sits.
An aged desolation,
She sits by the Shannon's flowing
A mother of many children,
Of children exiled and dead,
In her home, with bent head, homeless,
Clasping her knees she sits
Keening, keening!
And at her keen the fairy-grass
Trembles on dun and barrow;
Around the foot of her ancient crosses
The grave-grass shakes and the nettle swings;
In haunted glens the meadow-sweet
Flings to the night-wind
Her mystic, mournful perfume;

The sad spear-mint by holy wells
Breathes melancholy balm.

But her song at last has aroused the world to hearing and to helpful sympathy, and she may cease her mourning:

Thy sorrows are the world's, thou art no more alone;
Thy wrongs the world's.

Similar in general conception is the poem "The Coffin-Ship," where Ireland is symbolized by an Irish mother pleading for the lives of her two daughters with the sea, as by "second-sight" she discovers that the emigrant-ship on which they have sailed is a rat-eaten hulk, and about to go down in a storm. More elaborate and much longer are the poetical recast of two very old Irish legends, "The Doom of the Children of Lir," and "The Lamentation for the Three Sons of Turann." Lir is Shakespeare's Lear, and the two names have the same pronunciation. But in the Irish version of the legend it is not his children who are the sinners, but their aunt and foster-mother, who turns them into swans because they remind her of her unwedded and childless estate. But they beg her to fix a limit to the enchantment, and to grant them a boon besides. She does both. Swans they are to remain for thrice three hundred years until "the North shall wed the South" and "the bells ring in Inis-Glory." The term is accomplished when the Coming of the Faith sees the establishment of a Christian church and its bell in Inis-Glory, and a prince of Connaught weds a princess of Munster. Then the curse is at an end, and the good priest who had welcomed them all as "the birds of God," finds them become

Children, yet weird with age, weird with nine hundred years
Of woe: four wistful ghosts from childhood's daisied field.

But in their time of long enchantment it has been their boon to comfort by their songs the sick and the sorrowful, and to teach Ævric the art which made him the first of the bards of Erin. Mr. Todhunter tells the story in rhymeless but metrical verse, which gives him free scope for the pathos and tenderness of the old tale. He has been influenced rather too much by the poetical fashions of our day to have quite the simplicity and directness his task calls for.

Of his modern poems we like best "The Shan Van Vocht of '87," in which "The Poor Old Woman" of Irish Song lifts up her voice once more in confident prophecy of a coming reign of justice.

We do not see in Mr. Todhunter any possibility of an Irish Burns, or even what he probably would better like to be—an Irish Shelley. But he is a clear, true singer of national themes, who adds to the hope that Irish nationality is to find an ampler and helpful voice in literature.

AT HOME AND IN WAR, 1853-1881. REMINISCENCES AND ANECDOTES. By Alexander Verestchagin. Authorized Translation by Isabel F. Hapgood. Pp. 521. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1888.

This addition to our stock of Russian translations will be generally enjoyed by those who have been examining with pleasure the stores of that literature. It is decidedly one of the best yet given us outside the Tolstoi lists, and bears comparison without shame alongside many in that charmed circle. The author is one of a rather notable family. It is his brother, Vasily Verestchagin, who is the Russian painter of extremely realistic battle pictures, and whose works, or a collection of them at least, are to be shown in this country the coming winter. Another brother, Sergyei, was killed in the Plevna campaign against the Turks, in 1878. And this one was himself a trusted aide and adjutant to the famous Skobelev, both in that war and in the campaign against the Turcomans of Geok-Tepe in 1880-81.

But it must not be inferred that the book is in any way pretentious. On the contrary, it is one of the most sincere and straightforward possible. Its style is thoroughly simple, from first to last, and its disclosures are so real and so candid, and the bearing of the writer always so cheerful and light-hearted, yet never flippant or even cynical, that we follow him from his first recollections of childhood down to the last chapter of the warfare against the Tekkas with undiminished interest and pleasure.

The book is a thorough autobiography. The author describes, first, his surroundings as a child on the estate of his father at Pertovka, in the government of Novgorod, and he sketches for us the life there, with the servants and village people, in a way which makes them quite as real as any of Tolstoi's or Tourgenieff's, and adds a larger dash of humor to the picture than is usual even with the latter. His account of his education, in the course of which he had many trials and tribulations, and of his admission to the army, and early experiences there, are very entertaining. When the war with Turkey began, in the Spring of 1877, he joined a Cossack regiment, and repaired to the scene of action on the Danube. In action, later, he was severely wounded, and he

gives a plain and manly narrative of his experiences under fire, and in the hospital. The impression he conveys of military experiences is vivid and real; nothing in Tolstoi's Sevastopol stories is superior.

THE SEPTAMERON. [Seven Stories.] By Francis Howard Williams, Harrison S. Morris, Samuel Williams Cooper, Charles Henry Lüders, Colin Campbell Cooper, Jr., Felix E. Schelling, and Wm. Henry Fox. Pp. 171. Paper. Philadelphia: David McKay. 1888.

That which most particularly attracts us to this little volume is two-fold: first, the air of good comradeship, when seven authors join to make a book; and, second, the sign it gives of literary life and spirit in Philadelphia. It is true that there is not a lack of Philadelphia books, some of them ranking high, but it is seldom that in the field of imaginative fiction seven writers come forward together.

It would be invidious to discriminate too closely among the productions of a brotherhood so kindly associated, but of the several stories it must be conceded, no doubt, that the one by Mr. Williams, "Boscobel," which is placed first in the book and is much the longest, has also the greatest claim upon our attention. It might be said, perhaps, to be a variation of Miss Phelps's idea in "Beyond the Gates": the narrator has passed away from the conditions of this existence, but, unaware of the change, moves and acts among those who have preceded him to the other world. Not realizing at first that anything has happened to him, or perceiving anything startling in his surroundings, he comes at last to the knowledge of his death, at the close of his story. It is an interesting piece of psychological study, and supernatural speculation, and the literary form is excellent throughout.

Of the other contributions none fully escape being called "slight." Mr. C. C. Cooper's "Parthenope's Love" is quite brief, —simply the conceit that Parthenope, the most beautiful and the most heartless of the syren sisters, having lured to his destruction a beautiful youth, is stricken with the love of him and repents when too late, and that when she drowns herself in her despair, the sisters abjure their cruel sport forever. The thought perhaps deserves a larger setting than so short a story; why not work it out in a tragic poem, or in dramatic form?

Mr. Fox's "An Old Town Tale" relates to Philadelphia, at a period not much explored, as yet, by writers of fiction,—the War of 1812,—and we confess the opinion that, in spite of its slightness it has some special merits, among them a dash of humor, and a good local color. Some of his touches in the latter respect are quite striking,—the old Second street tavern, the "Cock and Lion," for example. As a combination of study and incident, the story has promise. There are good points, too, in "The Lost Elixir" of Mr. Lüders, though we confess to some weariness of the theme,—the death of an alchemist at the moment of discovering the Elixir of Life,—which has been employed in one form or another so often.

Mr. Morris's Italian "Symphony," is a smooth and graceful piece of work, pleasing as a sketch, but hardly to be called a story, and contrasting somewhat with Mr. S. W. Cooper's "Hazard," which is dramatic and almost sensational. Mr. Schelling's Florida incident, "Villa Vielle's One Mystery," impresses us as wanting completeness, and ending not only abruptly but rather unreasonably. It is to be said, however, that nearly all the stories are sudden and gruesome in their catastrophe, much the same sort of event closing five or six of them.

For a number of reasons the "Septameron" is to be welcomed. One is, that we may thus hope to have more such evidences of the literary spirit and its art.

J. MICHELET. MON JOURNAL, 1820-1823. 8vo. Pp. 398. Paris: 1888.

Literary fecundity in France does not end with an author's life. In most countries, when a man is dead, his brains are out, but Frenchmen usually leave a long list of material for posthumous books, and like most posthumous children, it is often hard to recognize in them the features of their parent. Thus Michelet, having written and printed in his lifetime an almost endless series of works, historical, critical, literary, geographical, few of which hold their own as current reading, is now supplying the world from his old papers with a sort of fragmentary biography that must take volumes to exhaust. His "Youth," "Ma Jeunesse," was of interest because it told the story, sad indeed, of his early years in the period of revolution in France, and always notable for its influence upon domestic life, a point strangely overlooked in most histories. Now comes his journal from 1820 to 1823, and if it continues at the same rate for the rest of his long and busy life, the Michelet biography will be as bulky as that of his contemporary, Victor Hugo, whose unpublished works are still being given to the world. Not that Michelet's journal is without interest and even

value. It shows the hard struggle of a poor student, the preparation as tutor and assistant in both private and public schools, for his later success as lecturer, professor and author. It throws light on the advantages of the French system of prizes and scholarships as the reward of sharp competitive examinations, as well as on the futility of such tests for determining who the men will be in the future contests for life's work. Then too it gives a supplementary journal of his ideas, and a list of his reading from 1818 to 1829, confusing enough to look at, and accounting for much of that medley of ideas which with Michelet passed for philosophy of history, of society, of nature,—the three main topics of his later writings. His editor, his widow, promises the early publication of a third volume of this autobiographical series, to contain the events and journal-entries of the period covering his work as one of the professors at the Normal School of Paris. This ought to be of some interest, for among his fellow-teachers and their students were many of the men who have far outshone Michelet as stars of the first order in the French literary sky. Littré, Renan, Taine, were all "Normalists," and even Michelet must have foreseen their future.

A COUNSEL OF PERFECTION. By Lucas Malet. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

A new book by the author of "Colonel Enderby's Wife" is sure to have matter in it worthy of attention. "Lucas Malet" has, to be sure, never since quite touched the high ground she reached in the book named, and it now seems unlikely that she will become, as the London *Spectator* predicted she would on the appearance of that exceptionally fine novel, one of the specially great masters of English fiction. Still, "Mrs. Lorrimer" is an admirable book, and "Little Peter" is about the best juvenile of late years, and now we have in "A Counsel of Perfection" a singularly beautiful and strong piece of writing, which, if not entirely up to the mark of George Eliot and Jane Austen, is still far and away beyond the bulk of current fiction.

Lucas Malet has set herself a very noble and subtle study in this book. Love does not have its whole beginning and end in the emotion of child-lovers, completely as young people may think it does. That fine arrogance of youth which will have it that sweet-and-twenty is the heart boundary is a pretty spectacle enough, but it shows only the knowledge and experience that Twenty might be expected to have. The heroine of "A Council of Perfection" has never loved until she is nearer forty than twenty, yet we dare affirm that a completer demonstration of the strength and elevation of that passion has seldom been made than in the case of Lydia Castreen. The lady is a daughter of a selfish valetudinarian, a literary recluse, who has not only spoiled his own life by solitude, but has wasted the youth of his only child by a course of ingenious cruelty which excites the liveliest indignation of the reader. Dr. Castreen has given his days to the compilation of divers ponderous treatises which no one but the proof-readers will ever peruse, and in all that labor his daughter has been his ever faithful and self-sacrificing helper. She has never known the buoyancy and hope of youth, and she had, when the story opens, definitely settled her life in line with the dust-covered existence of her father. At last, in a holiday most begrudgingly allowed her, she meets Anthony Hammond, a bachelor of uncertain age, worldly, cynical, a man entirely unworthy of her, as the author makes no secret of intimating. This man Lydia Castreen loves, and the awakening is one of the most sadly-sweet pictures of abandon and faith we have ever read.

She loves this most imperfect hero—but she does not marry him. Hammond is a trifler, and at first sets out to amuse himself with an unusual experience. He also pains Lydia by an appearance of wrong-doing, which is worse for her than any neglect of herself. But her penetrating beauty of character works at last its full sway on the sensibilities of her admirer; he is brought to his knees, only to be told that the happiness of both is more certain in parting. This climax is the point of especial originality and strength of the book. Every sensitive reader must rejoice that the woman for whom he has conceived so sincere an admiration has escaped the doubtful good of marriage with such a man, while Lydia is left in the lasting possession of an imaginative and emotional glow of feeling, which we realize to be a far better thing for her than an illusion which, in the other event, would be certainly dispelled, leaving her indeed wretched. More than this we need only say that the book is excellent in construction and expression.

G. W. A.

THE MAGIC SKIN. (La Peau de Chagrin.) By Honoré de Balzac. Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1888.

"The Magic Skin" was the first work which secured Balzac any clear recognition either from the best critics or from the reading public. It was written in his poverty and obscurity, when, in

the words he puts into the life of Raphael, his hero. . . . "I observed, learned, wrote and read without intermission: my life was one long task. Loving oriental indolence, cherishing reverie, pleasure-loving by nature, I nevertheless denied myself every Parisian enjoyment. . . . Every morning I went out early and unseen, to buy my provisions for the day; I cleaned and arranged my room; I was servant and master both, and proudly I Diogenized." Living in a garret, yet secure in his belief in his own genius which was to bridge over the gulf between his present poverty to the brilliant career he coveted, he wrote to his sister, "What I desire is to write a book which shall be the breviary of the people and of kings."

Although in "The Magic Skin" the author introduces allegory, it is really the beginning of that wonderful series of novels which he called "La Comédie Humaine." The initial idea in all his pictures of Parisian life is the portrayal of the struggle between the heart and soul of the natural, unspoiled man and the temptations which assail him, rousing his intellectual and sensual appetites, instincts and tastes, when he yields to love of wealth and luxurious living. Society, as he depicts it, is always the cruel Circe that fascinates, subjugates, offers the magic cup which is to transform and destroy its victims.

The allegory of the Magic Skin has been told over and over in all sorts of shapes, being, in fact, man's compact with the devil to gain all the world but lose his own soul. Raphael, a young man of striking endowments, but penniless, and defeated in every ambition of his career, is on the point of committing suicide, when he receives from a magician a Skin of Shagreen which carries along with it the power of granting every desire of its possessor. One fatal penalty is attached to the talisman—it grants every wish, but at the same time the skin shrinks, and with each shrinkage the life of its owner is shortened. Raphael accepts the magical gift however, reckless of the results of his prodigal demands upon it. To live luxuriously for a year, for six months even, seems to him at first quite enough. "I will work the mine of my youth to the last vein of its ore, and then good-night," as Byron expressed it, was to be his motto, and,—shortlived fallacy,—he soon discovered how dear his life was to him. With every wish for wealth and distinction granted,—the woman who loved him for his wife,—he was appalled at the sight of the skin which lessened before his eyes. He tries to forbid himself a wish; he directs a faithful servant to anticipate his every possible necessity: he endeavors to separate himself from every interest and affection which can imperil his tenure of existence. He finds, however, that life is a mere tissue of imperious claims and needs,—and with death staring him in the face, he still cannot refrain from a wish. The moral of the story is powerfully enforced, and perhaps nowhere in all Balzac's novels is the mad fever, the intoxication, the fury of Parisian life more clearly depicted. The hero is not in himself an attractive figure; he is a mere egotist, intent on his own advantage and pleasure, without deep feeling or heart. He is little better than Fedora, who is in herself the embodiment of a false, cruel and luxurious society, dead to everything save self-indulgence. Contrasted with Fedora, however, is Pauline, who is one of those exquisite and beautiful female creations with which Balzac loved to refresh himself, as the weary wanderer pauses by a mountain bank to pick a delicate wild flower.

BRIEFER NOTICES.

THREE new numbers of Cassell's "Sunshine Series" reach us,— "Odds Against Her," by Margaret Russell MacFarlane; "Bewitched," by Louis Pendleton; and "Madame Silva," by M. G. McClelland. Miss MacFarlane has made some reputation by novels of a foreign art flavor. The principal interest in "Odds Against Her" centres in the heroine Hulda, described as "a shell without a soul," a quite finished drawing of an adventuress who makes everyone coming in contact with her miserable. Mr. Pendleton's book has some novelty, the scene being the Manatee river, Florida, and the concern being wholly with the wild life of that region, and the superstitions and humors of the blacks. The witchcraft involved is that of love primarily, while there is a side chapter of "Voodooism," in which a negress called "Manuella" is the chief mover. The book has much interesting incident. Madame Silva in Mrs. McClelland's novel is also a kind of clairvoyant, and there is a sort of resemblance between this tale, also southern in locale and tone, and Mr. Pendleton's "Bewitched." "Bewitched," however, is a tale of adventure, while "Madame Silva" is a study of mental processes. Each has merit.

In Cassell's "Rainbow Series" there have been issued "The Silent Witness," by Mrs. J. H. Walworth, and "My Aunt's Match-making, and Other Tales." The last named is a collection of some fifteen short stories, gathered from the various Cassell publications, all printed anonymously. The title story and one

called "The Great Gold Secret" are the best of the number. Mrs. Walworth has a power in sensational writing which has been largely recognized, but there is a great sameness in her work; reading one of her books we seem to have read them all. The novel in hand is another retelling of a story of mysterious murder, and the silent witness is a dumb girl, through whose unconscious testimony the secret is finally divulged.

Yet another Southern story among our new books at hand is "Kenneth Cameron," by L. Q. C. Brown (T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia). This is a love story, the scene being mainly laid in New Orleans, but with glimpses of society in the surrounding plantations. Typical classes of the South are portrayed, and Judge Brown is especially merciful in dealing with the negroes, some of whom appear to be photographed from life. Among other effective incidents the reader is shown the great Mardi Gras festivity and realistic horse race. The story is naturally written, but a little diffuse.

"The Honorable Mrs. Vereker" (J. B. Lippincott Co.) is a good example of the writer known as "The Duchess." This novelist is undeniably entertaining, whatever we may say of the lasting value of her books. She has a never-failing and infectious flow of high spirits, and her popularity is reasonable enough. Yet the "Honorable Mrs. Vereker" is a rather sad story, too, in its picture of a mistaken marriage.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

THERE is a steady increase of intelligent interest in Welsh philology, archæology, history, and literature. "Wales of To-day" is the title of a work on the social and political condition of the country, just published in London, by Thomas Ellis and A. H. D. Acland. A number of specialists have rendered assistance in its preparation, among them Principal Jones, of Cardiff, who contributes a chapter on Welsh Education. We note, moreover, that Mr. T. Marchant Williams, formerly Inspector for the London School Board, is preparing for the press a work upon Welsh literature.

Captain Trotter, the biographer of Warren Hastings, is writing a life of Lord Dalhousie for the "Statesmen's Series" of W. H. Allen & Co.

Sir George Duckett has been made an Officer of Public Instruction by the French Government in recognition of his valuable work on the records of Cluni.

Mr. Spencer Walpole is believed to be the writer of the article on Dowell's "History of Taxation," which has attracted extraordinary attention, in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*.

Mr. F. M. Allen, author of "Through Green Glasses," is about to publish through Messrs. Ward & Downey, what he calls "An Adventure Story," with the title "The Voyage of the Ark."

Stuart Cumberland, the "mind reader," is about to publish a volume on "Famous Men I Have Known."

A son of Count Von Arnim is seeing through the press what the *London World* calls "an Anti-Bismarckian volume."

Those who are obliged frequently to refer to German books are especially interested in the movement to introduce the Roman in place of the Gothic alphabet. Since 1866 the society which is agitating this matter has nearly doubled in numbers. On its lists are now over 4436 names, including members of all professions, teachers, physicians, booksellers, and merchants. In 1886, out of 6913 books on artistic, scientific, mercantile and industrial subjects, 5316 were printed with the Roman letters.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce among their early autumn publications "Omitted Chapters in History, Disclosed in the Life and Papers of Governor Randolph of Virginia," by Moncure D. Conway, and "Christian Doctrine Harmonized," by Prof. J. S. Kedney.

Messrs. Ginn & Co. will publish soon "Footprints of Travel, or Journeyings in Many Lands," by Maturin M. Ballou, author of "Due West," and other books of travel.

Eighty thousand copies of Prof. Henry Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" are said to have been sold in England, where the work has just gone into its 22d edition.

The historian Johann Michael von Sötl died recently in Munich at the age of ninety-one. He became lecturer of history in the University of Munich in 1826, but lost his position in 1835, at the instance of the Archbishop of Munich. He was reinstated as full professor in 1849, and remained one of the ornaments of the University until his retirement in 1876. He was director of the State Archives of Bavaria in 1868.

A translation of the romance of Pierre Loti (a pen name of Louis Vland, a young French governmental official), "Madame Chrysanthème," is announced by Routledges.

Chatto & Windus will publish at an early date a new edition of Miss Adah Isaacs Menken's "Infelicia," with a portrait and other illustrations, and a memoir of the eccentric actress-author.

Nearly \$1,500 have so far been subscribed to the fund for a memorial to Mrs. Muloch-Craik. It is to take the form of a marble medallion in Tewkesbury Abbey. American subscriptions may be paid to Mr. Joseph Harper, of Harper Brothers.

As mentioned last week, some fellow-countryman of Prof. Boyesen's in Norway has translated the Professor's "A Daughter of the Philistines" into Norwegian. The work has met with a warm reception. Some future bibliographer, knowing the Professor's nationality, may find himself puzzled over this curious circumstance.

Mr. George Bancroft had a bad fall at his Newport home recently, but has so far escaped any serious results.

Oscar Fay Adams has edited for Lee & Shepard a volume of "Chapters from Jane Austen," for school use.

A statement to the effect that a Mrs. Florine McCray is writing an "authorized" life of Mrs. Stowe is still going the round of the papers, much to the indignation of literary society in Hartford. The *Literary World* is informed that the lady in question has received no permission to write any such life.

Mr. William Winter's "Poems" are to be republished in Edinburgh by David Douglas, in an edition uniform with his (Mr. Winter's) "Shakespeare's England."

Cupples & Hurd will shortly publish A. Bronson Alcott's estimate of the character and genius of Emerson.

Mr. George Redway, London, who has made a specialty of this class of literature, announces an "esoteric" series, to consist, for the most part, of reprints of old books dealing with alchemy, astrology, freemasonry, magic, and Rosicrucian mysticism. Among the first to appear will be the anonymous cosmopolite philosopher, known as Eirenaeus Philalethes; and the "Lumen de Lumine" of Thomas Vaughan, who wrote under the name of Eugenius Philalethes.

Cassell & Co. having made a marked hit by the republishing of "Two Men," will shortly bring out new editions of Mrs. Stoddard's other novels.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

SO great has been the success of *The Writer*, the Boston magazine devoted to the interests of literary workers, that its publishers propose to enlarge it in January, at the beginning of a new volume, and to increase the price to \$2 a year.

A new monthly publication is *Current Literature*, a folio of 96 pages, which describes itself as "a magazine of record and review." The editor is Mr. F. M. Somers, one of the founders of the San Francisco *Argonaut*, and the publication office at 42 West Twenty-third street, New York. Besides original matter, it contains a variety of matter selected from daily newspapers and from other periodical publications.

The *Public Service Review*, which has completed its first year as a weekly newspaper, will hereafter be issued monthly as a literary and naval magazine.

The Navy Register, lately issued by the Navy Department, is the most complete record ever published. It gives the original date of entry into the service and the date of precedence in rank of each officer, the length of time served in the "volunteer" and "regular" services, the present duty or residence of each officer and the date of his last orders, and much other data of interest.

The *Cosmopolitan Magazine* will soon be issued monthly by a new company. The editorial department will be conducted by Mr. E. D. Walker.

Mr. James Hunter, formerly one of the editors of Ogilvie's "Imperial Dictionary," and of the supplement to "Worcester's Dictionary," has accepted an editorial position on *American Notes and Queries*.

The title of Henry James' latest story, the first part of which will appear in the forthcoming number of *The Universal Review*, is "The Lesson of the Master."

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE FIRES IN SWEDEN.

To the Editor of THE AMERICAN:

A CALAMITY, whose consequences are likely to be more lasting than those of the flood of Central Europe, the earthquakes of Italy, or the great Chicago fire, has befallen Sweden. The vast northern forests of the country, its glory and its chief means of wealth, were attacked by fire in June, long stretches of

valuable timber land were laid bare by the flames, and several hamlets, towns and cities destroyed. Prominent among the latter were Sundsvall and Umea, located on arms of the Gulf of Bothnia, cities that obtained their charters from Gustav II. Adolf, the one 1624, the other in 1622, and which depended mainly on their well built-up traffic in lumber, iron and fish. Sundsvall, with a population of 11,000, was known as the most active lumber market in Europe, and from its busy wharves were shipped a considerable share of the 1,150,000,000 cubic feet of wood annually felled for exportation in the forests of Sweden. In this city the blaze burst out suddenly at noon of June 25. A severe northwesterly storm prevailed, fire-brands were hurled onward with terrific speed, and within a few hours the merry saw-mills, the quaint and tasteful dwellings and public buildings were a smoldering mass of ruins. Umea met with a similar fate.

The loss of property is estimated at 50,000,000 crowns, and no less than 14,000 people have been made wanderers on the face of the earth. It is said that the number of those who perished in the flames is not great, but the misery among the living victims of the disaster is almost beyond estimate. Without homes to shelter them, without food and clothing, deprived of every comfort and necessity of life, they will die by the score if speedy relief be not afforded them. The case is a desperate one. Insurance companies are powerless to meet the demands made upon them, the lumber trade of the vicinity is hopelessly destroyed for the present, the results of two centuries of toil were swept away in a day, the rich have become poor, and the people are utterly without hope that the immediate future can rest on the prosperity of the past.

King Oscar of Sweden and Norway and the King of Denmark immediately headed subscriptions for the aid of the sufferers, which by latest advices amounted to some few thousand crowns, but under the pressure of the hard times prevailing in these countries, it is not to be expected that a very considerable sum can be raised. It is a most curious fact that as yet but little has been written or said in America concerning a tragedy which would have filled columns of our newspapers had it been enacted in Ireland or Germany, but when the sorrowful story becomes fully known a liberal helping hand will unquestionably be extended from the New World to the stricken inhabitants of the burned regions of the Old.

Sweden is the mother country of many an old and respectable family in Philadelphia. From Philadelphians noble assistance may justly be expected. Contributions may be sent to Mr. C. G. Linderstrom, editor of *Svenska Tribunen*, 37 North Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

{ AUBERTINE WOODWARD MOORE,
"AUBER FORESTIER." }

316 N. Carroll St. Madison, Wis., August 3.

THE FACTS ABOUT BICHROMATE OF POTASH.

To the Editor of THE AMERICAN :

IN a recent article on the subject of Bichromate of Potash you speak of the production of this article as if it were confined to a single concern in Baltimore, without any home competition: it seems to have been inferred that the concern in Baltimore is in union with the foreign makers, and that prices are thus established which bear hard upon consumers in this country.

Knowing that it is your desire to have the facts accurately understood we beg to inform you, that, for the last five years, this Company (the Kalion Chemical Co.) has been manufacturing Bichromate of Potash in Philadelphia, and has been in sharp competition not only with the Baltimore concern, but with the foreign makers. There has been no pool or combination of any kind, or any understanding as to prices, but, on the contrary, the struggle for business amongst the three conflicting interests has been of the severest kind; so severe has it been that the price has been forced down about five cents per pound during the period since we entered the market.

The real facts of the case are, that a strong effort has been made by the foreign makers to break up the Bichromate industry in America; in order to gain this end the various manufacturers abroad have, in some way, pooled together, and shipments are made to this side of the water upon a basis of price much below that prevailing in the English market: it is generally understood that any loss arising from such sales is shared or divided amongst the members of the pool. The foreign makers are jointly represented by a single agent in New York, who has entire control of the foreign production; no shipments are permitted to be made to the United States excepting through this agent. There can be no doubt that were the industry stifled here the foreigners would very quickly advance their figures to those which used to prevail; it is only the home competition here which prevents this, and you will thus see how important it is that this home competition

should be fostered and preserved.

That the present duty on Bichromate of Potash is not prohibitory, and is no tax upon the consumer, is easily shown by the fact that the price here to-day is much less than the foreign price with duty added, and that importations are increasing instead of diminishing.

To show you the difficulties of manufacture we may mention that out of a number (16) of different concerns which, during the past years, have ventured into the field, only two survive.

We enclose some papers bearing on the question, which may be of interest to you, and we commend them to your consideration.

Yours, very truly,

KALION CHEMICAL CO.

Philadelphia, August 3d.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE first report of this season's work has been received at the Hydrographic Office from the United States steamship *Ranger*. The preliminary triangulation of Sebastiano Viscaino Bay, Lower California, has been completed. In order to make this triangulation, a party was left at Lagoon Head, in camp, with a heliostat constructed on board the *Ranger* by using a state-room mirror. The flash was seen from Cerros, sixty miles distant, on a remarkably clear day, so that the triangulation was easily connected with a system of well-conditioned triangles to the base line measured at San Bartolomé Bay. The heliostat furnished to the ship is effective for a distance of forty miles, but could not be seen from Cerros. The aggregate length of the sides of the various triangles constructed was about a thousand miles, and the length of coast line surveyed, one hundred and nineteen miles. The hydrography is completed to Point San Eugenio. The great bay of San Sebastian Viscaino is well sounded out, and the east coast of Cerros Island is finished to within three miles of the north end.

Two improvements which have been suggested in the direction of comfort in railway travel are mentioned in *Railway Age*. One is the attachment of permanent cinder deflectors at equal distances between the windows of passenger cars. This idea has been extended to placing a large deflector on the top of the hood over the platform, which prevents cinders and dust from falling between the cars of a train and pouring in at open doors and windows. The other improvement suggested is the adoption of the English plan of fastening rails to the cross-ties by bolts that pass through the ties. The hook-headed spike in use in this country often becomes loosened by the rotting of the wood around it, and rises from one-sixteenth to three-eighth inches above the base of the rail. This rising is the cause of much of that annoying rattle, which it is said foreigners invariably notice on American roads.

The deputy factory-inspectors of New York State, who have since July 10th been inspecting the factories of New York city, have now finished about 800 of the 12,000, and have found many cases of disregard of the state laws looking to the protection of operatives. One of the principal points where trouble was found in enforcing the law was in regard to the age of children employed. The law prohibits the employment of children under 13, and the employment for more than 60 hours per week of females under 21 years or males under 18. Both of these provisions were found to be systematically violated, the first frequently by bare-faced perjury in sworn statements as to the children's age, often made by their parents; the second by giving employees work to be taken home and done out of regular working hours. Many of the factories were also found to be outrageously uncleanly and ill ventilated, and many also were entirely without anything that could be made to do duty as a fire-escape. It is, as a rule, the smaller establishments which oftenest violate the hygienic provisions of the state law, but the larger were also occasionally transgressors in this respect, and fully as much as the smaller in the matter of employing children under the prescribed age.

In the bill to provide for the taking of the eleventh census, which has been passed by the House of Representatives, the number of subjects of investigation is reduced to seven. These are population and social statistics relating thereto, manufactures, mining, agriculture, mortality and vital statistics, valuation, and public indebtedness. The statistics on other subjects included in the tenth census, and which swelled its publications to twenty-two large quarto volumes, although very useful for general information, political discussion, and social science, are omitted because the same information may be gathered by and published from other bureaus of the government more satisfactorily and more economically. The number of volumes to be printed will probably be reduced to seven, and their publication will not be delayed as formerly.

AMERICAN TRANSLATORS AND TRANSLATIONS.¹

I AM inclined to put down as a general maxim that the more replete a book is with the charms of style and imaginative coloring, the harder it is to translate. A fact may be as well expressed in one civilized language as in another. A thought that is sufficiently definite to be capable of expression in English can usually be transposed without difficulty into German, French, and Italian. But a thought may be expressed feebly or strongly, bunglingly or felicitously, and it sometimes seems as if it were capable of a far more striking and felicitous utterance in one language than in another. Words have color and flavor and produce an independent effect, quite apart from the thoughts which they embody. Words absolutely synonymous have different value, different *timbre*, different harmonic effects. One word has a certain poetic dignity and elevation while another which means the same is prosaic and commonplace. A poet who failed to perceive this would be a lamentable failure, and the more keenly he perceives it, the more untranslatable he is sure to be.

It is an old saying that "it takes a poet to translate a poet." It does not follow that it takes a great poet to translate a great poet, and a small one to translate a small one. On the contrary, a small poet, if gifted with this peculiar perception of the individuality and harmonic value of words, would be likely to make a better translator than one of greater and more commanding personality. The former would be more likely to respect the original, while the latter could scarcely avoid obtruding himself and giving us more or less than the text warranted.

I hope no one will draw invidious inferences from this proposition, when I add that the United States have produced three of the greatest translators of modern times. I know no poet in any language whose gift of poetic rendering from foreign tongues equals that of Longfellow. If his translations have any fault, it is that they are often better than their originals. Take for instance Uhland's "Luck of Edenhall." I challenge any one, competent to judge, to deny that Longfellow's version is the nobler poem. Likewise Count von Platen's "Remorse," with the fascinating refrain, "In der Nacht, in der Nacht," is rendered with such beautiful adequacy and sonorous harmony that it becomes a matter of difficulty to decide which is the superior production. In the rendering from "Frithjof's Saga" (a work for which Longfellow had an almost extravagant admiration) he caught by a subtle intuition the most fleeting cadence and color of Tegnér's heroic rhymes, and I have heard him again and again repeat them with a delight which showed how deeply he had penetrated into the northern spirit.

In his rendering of Dante's "Divina Comedia" the merits which I have emphasized are less apparent than in his less ambitious translations. He aimed there to produce a monumental work, and called in a council of friendly scholars all versed in Italian literature to aid him by comment and criticism. It appears to me that they criticized too much; for the work, though extremely accurate and of noble beauty, has a slight air of constraint (very unusual in Longfellow) which, after all, proclaims it to be a translation. It seems just a little bit self-conscious; a little monotonous, like a solemn organ fugue, which is soberly impressive but rarely rises to grandeur.

The second great translator whom America has produced is William Cullen Bryant, whose "Iliad" and "Odyssey" appear to me to be the best English versions of the immortal Greek epics. As long as the hexameter is tabooed in English poetry, I doubt if a finer version of Homer will ever be written. The magnificent reverberating hexameters of the German Voss, though less carefully and artistically sustained, are twice as impressive, and give more approximately the effect of the Greek; but Bryant's grave and dignified pentameters are so beautiful that one is inclined to forgive them for being, in sound at least, imperfectly Homeric. "The Odyssey" of Bryant represents unquestionably a greater achievement than his "Iliad," having an idyllic freshness and sweetness, and an exquisite elevation of language. Put Pope's "Homer," with its smart jingling couplets, next to this, and the distance of the clever Englishman, both from his competitor and his original, becomes sufficiently apparent. Lord Derby's arid and respectable performance (which Englishmen seem perversely determined to save from charitable oblivion) is the work of a scholar rather than a poet, and seems scarcely worthy of a comparison either with Pope or with Bryant; yet there are deluded reviewers in the London weeklies who insist that it is more faithfully Homeric than either.

The third American whose distinction rests in part upon his work as a translator is Bayard Taylor, whose version of Goethe's "Faust" is still unsurpassed. I have read, I think, six or seven English translations of this monumental poem, and know the greater part of it by heart. I regard it as next to impossible to render adequately such passages as the Easter Choruses, Margaret's Prayer to the Virgin, and the Chant of the Archangels into an alien tongue; but Taylor has come as near achieving this impossibility as any one is ever likely to do. The English language is so poor in rhyming dactyls that a change of metre (with a view to avoiding the dactyls) would almost seem imperative in such verses as this:

Ich er in Werdelust
Schaffender Freude nah?
Ach, auf der Erde Brust
Sind wir zum Leide da!

which Taylor beautifully renders:

Is he in glow of birth
Rapture creative near?
Ah, to the woe of earth
Still are we native here!

This is not literal, and no poetic translation can be good and literal at the same time; but it is a fine and spirited rendering of the same thought, retaining the abrupt, rapturous movement of the original. Shelley's rendering of the Chant of the Archangels contains inspired lines (such as "The world's unwithered countenance"), but it has not the sustained loftiness and grandeur of Taylor's. In the Walpurgis Night scene Shelley has

¹ From an article by Prof. H. H. Boyesen, in *Book News* for August.

also a line which inimitably catches the spirit of the witches' Sabbath:

Und die langen Felsennasen
Wie sie schnarchen, wie sie blasen!

This he puts with bold originality into English, as follows:

"And the rugged crags, ho, ho!
How they snort, and how they blow!"

Taylor frequently expressed his regret that Shelley had preceded him with that line; but it was a vain regret, for the line would never have been written if it had not occurred to Shelley.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

LAMARTINE. Selected Poems from *Premières et Nouvelles Méditations*. Edited with Biographical Sketch and Notes, by George O. Curme, A. M. Pp. 179. \$0.75. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

BOOK OF DAY-DREAMS. By Charles Leonard Moore. Pp. 100. \$— . Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

A MEXICAN GIRL. By Frederick Thickstun. [Ticknor's Paper Series.] Pp. 287. Paper. \$0.50. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

NINETEEN: AN IDYLL OF PROVENCE. By the author of "Vera," etc. [Appleton's Town and Country Library.] Paper. Pp. 344. \$0.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

HISTORICAL REVIEW OF THE LEGISLATIVE SYSTEM OPERATIVE IN IRELAND, from the Invasion of Henry the Second to the Union, (1172-1800.) By the Right Hon. J. T. Ball. Pp. 256. \$2.25. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

QABBALAH. The Philosophical Writings of Solomon Ben Yehudah Ibn Gebirol, or Avicbron, [etc.] By Isaac Myer, LL. B. 350 Copies Published by the Author. Large 8vo. Pp. 500. Philadelphia: 1888.

DRIFT.

IN June, 1887, a committee of the Howard Association of London invited the coöperation of their friends and the public to enable them to issue, and distribute at home and abroad, certain works which their secretary, Mr. Tallack, had prepared, embodying important facts, figures, and observations collected by the Association during the past twenty years, in reference to prison discipline and the best methods of the treatment and prevention of crime, together with the questions of intemperance and capital punishment. The works alluded to are now nearly ready for the press, and are three in number. It is hoped that they may each be issued during the year 1888. The contents of two of these books will include the following subjects: "Prison Discipline, and the Best Modes of the Treatment and Prevention of Crime," including chapters on the existing British, continental, and American systems of prison and penal discipline; separation and association in jails; prison visitation; penal labor; prison officers; the police; imprisonment for long terms and for life; the aid of discharged prisoners; habitual offenders; probation and conditional liberation; juvenile delinquency; reformatory and industrial schools; pauper children; sentences; various modes of punishment and prevention, etc.; and "The Death Penalty at Home and Abroad," including chapters on the limits and operation of deterrence and penalty; British and foreign official statistics of murder and its punishment; judicial mistakes; insanity and homicide; the law of murder; American homicide; the prerogative of pardon; modes of execution; the abolition of capital punishment, regular and irregular; perverted clemency; substitutes for the infliction of death; alternative dangers; the opinions on this question, of John Stuart Mill, Justice Sir Fitzjames Stephen, Lord Bramwell, Prince Bismarck, Earl Russell, Right Hon. Joseph Henley, M. P., Right Hon. John Bright, M. P., King Oscar I., and others; the Bible and capital punishment, etc. The above appeal has been widely issued in the form of a circular. It has hitherto only elicited £32 4s., and this sum has been exclusively contributed by eleven friends who were previously subscribers to the Association and familiar with its services. It is obvious that much more effectual help is necessary to enable the committee to carry out their wishes.

For some years past efforts have been made to introduce electric lights in mines, and rewards have been offered in England for the invention of some safe, reliable, and economical system of lighting. The difficulties to be contended with are these: For permanent lights there is trouble in insulating the leads in such a way as to prevent possibility of breaks or grounds, the demand on the insulation being particularly trying, while there is danger that the breaking of the lamps will explode any inflammable gases around them. For miner's lights, the greatest trouble is to get a portable battery that can be easily carried, and which is cheap and simple. In this country no advance has been made in the application of electricity to mine-lighting; but in England much attention has been directed to it, and electric miners' lamps are being extensively introduced, and with the improvements that have been introduced in miners' lamps, it is probable that they will soon be largely used in mining-work.

Eighteen years ago, when the air-brake was tried, it required eighteen seconds to apply it to a train 2,000 feet long. Four years later the time was reduced to four seconds. Recent experiments on freight trains show that it can be applied to every car in a train of that length running at the rate of forty miles an hour, and that this train can be stopped within 500 feet, or one-fourth of its own length, and all this without any serious jolting.

WHY RUN ANY RISK WITH YOUR COUGH OR COLD, HOARSENESS, OR IN JEED ANY PULMONARY OR BRONCHIAL COMPLAINT, when a remedy safe, thorough, and so easily obtained as Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant can be had? If you have contracted a severe Cold, save your Lungs from the dangerous irritation and inflammation, which frequently brings about Consumption, by promptly resorting to the Expectorant; and if troubled with any Affection of the Throat, you will find this remedy equally effectual in affording relief from obstructing phlegm, and in healing the inflamed parts.

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James Dougherty, Philip C. Garrett,
Simon B. Fleisher, Isaac R. Childs,
Isaac Hough.WHARTON BARKER, PRESIDENT.
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Guarantee Fund \$2,700,000.

Offers 6 Per Cent. First Mortgages on Farm and City Properties.

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Fourth. Because these loans are readily negotiable, easily available as collateral, and, while paying a good interest, can be procured at par.

Fifth. Because the principal and interest of every loan are guaranteed by a fund amounting to about \$2,700,000.

PHILADELPHIA DIRECTORS:

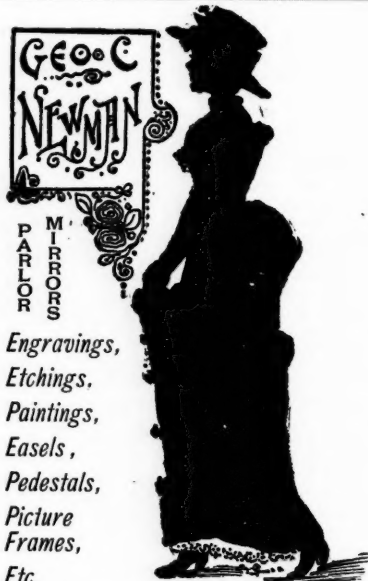
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GEO. M. TROUTMAN, Pres. Central Nat'l Bank.
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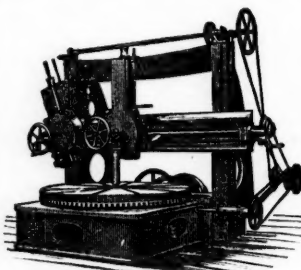
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